1162b. c. 41

THE MEDAL OF John Bayes: A SATYR AGAINST FOLLY and KNAVERY.

----Facit indignatio versus.

LONDON:
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M E D A

BRITISH MUSEUM

S A T Y

EPISTLE
TO THE
TORIES.

WE here present you with a Medal of an Heroick Author, which most properly belongs to you; (he being at this time hired to Lye and Libel in your service) and in his last Essay, has perform'd it so dully, that if you put him away (as it is said of the Gentleman-Usher and the Doctor in the Rehearsal) No body else will take him; No, No body else will take him. We cannot say his Portraicture is done at the full length, or has all its Ornaments, since there are many touches to be added to it, which we shall reserve for the occasions he shall give us hereafter. But we dare say, these rough strokes have made the lineaments and proportions so true, that any one that knows him will find there is a great resemblance of him; and will believe that he has sate above five times for it. Though indeed he is so liberal of shewing himself, that in an hours space, he will expose all his Parts; and a good Drawer, in that time, may observe enough to make a * Nuditie of him.

* So the Painters call a naked Picture.

You may know he is no concealer of himself, by a story which he tells of himself, viz. That (when he came first to Town) being a young raw fellow of seven and Twenty, as he call'd himself when he told the story, he frequenting but one Coffee-house, the Woman (it seems finding him out) put Coffee upon him for Chocolate, and made him pay three pence a dish for two years

together: till at length, by what providence I know not, he diſcovered the Cheat. This ſtupidity were incredible, if he had not told it of himſelf publickly: but there is ſomewhat to be ſaid for it; for (as he ſaid of himſelf at the ſame time) the opening in his head (which in Children uſually cloſes about the age of three) did not cloſe in him till he was ſeven and twenty; which may be the reaſon he has had ſuch a deviliſh ſoft place there ever ſince.

There are ſeveral Witneſſes that heard theſe things from him publickly. There are a multitude of notable Sayings upon himſelf, which we may preſent you when he ſhall provoke us to ſhow you his Life at full length.

This may give you ſome taſte of his Diſcretion and Judgment. But you who have had his Converſation, know it is ſo lumpiſh and ſlegmatick, or arrogant and ſilly, that he never pleaſes you with, or makes you merry at any thing but his folly.

As for ready Wit, he carries very little or none about him; but, if you draw a Bill upon him, like a Banker, *he can anſwer you at home; and, as* Bankers *do, with the Caſh that is other Mens.*

Whoever has been converſant with Spaniſh, Italian, French, *and* Claſſick *Authors, will find all that's tollerably good in him in ſome of thoſe; he can, indeed, new trim, and diſguiſe a little, the Clothes he ſteals.*

He has an eaſineſs in Rime, and a knack at Verſifying, and can make a ſlight thing ſeem pretty and clinquant; and his Fort *is, that he is an indifferent good Verſificator.*

If at any time he has Wit of his own, 'tis in Rayling, when the venome of his malice provokes his fancy. His Panegyricks *are full of ſuch nauſeous flattery, that they are* Libels; *and he is now become ſo infamous, that his* Libels *will be thought* Panegyricks.

His proſtituted Muſe *will become as common for hire, as his Miſtreſs* Reveſia *was, upon whom he ſpent ſo many hundred pounds: and of whom (to ſhew his conſtancy in Love) he got three Claps, and ſhe was a Bawd. Let all his own* Romantick *Playes ſhew ſo true and ſo Heroick a Lover.*

You

You who would know him better, go to the Coffee-house (where he may be said almost to inhabit) and you shall find him holding forth to half a score young fellows, (who clap him on the back, spit in his mouth, and loo him on upon the Whiggs, *as they call 'em) puft up, and swelling with their praise: and the great Subject of his Discourse shall be of himself, and his* Poetry; *What Diet he uses for* Epick, *what for* Comick; *what course he is in for* Libel, *and what for* Tragedy.

He has never been conversant in any Science but Poetry: Philosophy, *of all sorts, he has an aversion to, having no rational or argumentative head; but, if he be any thing he is a* meer Poet: *and from such an Animal,* libera nos, &c. *from a man of one business, as the* Italian *Proverb says.*

'Tis not two years since he consulted with an Eminent and Learned Physician of this Town; telling him, he was obliged to write a Play, and finding himself very dull, desired he would prescribe him a Diet, and course of Physick fit for his Malady: the Dr. merrily asked him, Whether 'twas Comedy *or* Tragedy *he designed? he answered,* Tragedy; *the Dr. replyed, The Steel Diet was most proper for* Tragedy; *whereupon the Poet desired to have it prescribed, and did undergo it for six weeks.*

Before the writing of the Medal, *he might e'n as properly have been prescribed a Diet of Brass: for (to use his own expression)* never was there practised such a notorious piece of Impudence in the face of an Establisht Goveernment, *as the villanous Libelling so great a Peer, so instrumental in the restoring of the King, who has so deservedly born, and so faithfully discharged such great Offices in the State; and, who is still (in spight of* Popish Clamours, *and false* Witnesses) *ready upon all occasions, to serve his Majesty and the Kingdom, with the highest Loyalty and Integrity.*

Consider what Stripes the Varlet deserves, for giving him these words in his Libel; Monster, Base within, Counterfeit and light, Rebel, Vermin, Lewd, Villain, Wretch, Knave, Impious, Fiend, Jehu, Traiterous: lays Curses on his hated Name: *nor can his* Gout *scape him, but he must be call'd* For-

midable Cripple. *The unpuniſh'd audaciouſneſs of this frontleſs Scribler, would be a reproach to any Government; and therefore no man can think him too hardly dealt with in the following* Medal; *eſpecially ſince he knows, and ſo do all his old acquaintance, that there is not an untrue word ſpoken of him.*

There is not ſo vile an employment, as that of a Hired Libeller, an Executioner of mens Reputations: the Hangman is an Office of greater Dignity. Were all which your Poet ſays of this great Peer true, yet the Libeller ought to be whipt out of a Countrey for his Inſolence: but what does he deſerve, when he himſelf knows every word of it to be falſe! and ſcarce a Papiſt in England *believes any thing of it to be true.*

He is as unlucky in his alluſion to the Turks wearing of Scanderbegs *Bones, as he is afterwards in his bungling Simile, about the feign'd Aſſociation. They were the Turks,* Scanderbegs *Enemies, that wore his Bones; and therefore he thinks this Lords Friends muſt do the ſame.*

According to the example which he cites you, Tories *ſhould do it, and I doubt not but ye would be glad on't; but we hope he will laſt, till by a happy Agreement of the King with a Parliament, your Party will hide their heads, or become of no ſignification; which for that very reaſon ye endeavour all ye can to obſtruct.*

I know not what good his Bones might do ye, were he dead; but I am ſure his Brains, while he is living, would be very much to the advantage of the beſt of ye: thoſe would keep ye from the ridiculous Follies and mad Extravagancies ye daily run into.

'Tis you that are apparently the Faction; ſince ye are the Few that have divided from the Many. 'Tis you who in your Factious Clubs viliſie the Government; by audaciouſly railing againſt Parliaments, *ſo great and ſo eſſential a part of it. They ought to loſe the uſe of Speech, who dare ſay any thing irreverently of the* King, *or diſreſpectfully of* Parliaments.

If

If any thing could make the King *lose the love and confidence of his people, it would be your unpunish'd boldness, who presume to call the* Freeholders *of* England *the Rabble, and their* Representative *a Crowd, and strike at the very Root of all their Liberty. Ye are those who abuse our gracious Prince, and endeavour to delude him with false Numbers, and promising to serve him when ye have no Interest, as in all the frequent* Parliaments *(his* Majesty *has been pleased to promise us) will plainly appear.*

If any thing could dishonour him, it would be the bloody violence of your Spirits, your unpunished Exorbitances, and breach of Laws; your Huzzaing, Roaring, Quarrelling, and Damning by much the greater part of the Nation, and their whole Representative Body. Who made ye Judges in Israel? *but whatever ye might have been in* Judea, *ye will find very few of ye will be made, in* England, *Trustees for the Liberty of the people, as your Poet says, who (as if he had been hired for the whole Popish Plot) vilely casts dirt upon the best reformed Protestants in his next Page,*

That Beza *has been charged by the* Papists *for having instigated* Poltrotius Mercœus *to Assassinate the Duke of* Guise, *is readily acknowledged; but withal, we know how usual, and how meritorious a thing it is with them, to brand Protestants with whatsoever they can suppose will render them odious. Nor was this Calumny so much fastened by them upon* Beza, *as upon the Admiral* Coligni, *who was known to be a man of more Vertue and Honour, than to allow the least accession to so base a Crime. Had this vile Libeller but common honesty and ingenuity, he would (at the same time he presumes to revive this calumnious Accusation) have taken notice of the vindication which the Admiral published to justifie his innocency. Vide* Stat. Repub. & Relig. in Gall. *part* 2. *p.* 358.

And for Buchanan, *the character which Archbishop* Spotswood *has given of him, is enough to secure and preserve his memory from the stains which such Fellows as this, or any Enemies to truth*

and

and Learning, could throw upon him. Nor will Calvin loſe the reverence he has from good Proteſtants, for this Libeller's mercenary Reproaches.

For the Aſſociation, which he next mentions, dropt out of the Clouds, entred into, and ſubſcribed by no body, and ſeen by no one of our Party that ever we could hear of, (and we believe, by none of yours, but thoſe that contrived the putting it into the Earls Cloſet) it renders you more ridiculous and extravagant than ever ye were; to ſet up an Abhorrence through all England, of a Paper, which you can lay to the charge of no Party, nor at one ſingle mans door.

But we doubt not but if you had found or put the Libel your Poet was Cudgell'd for (though few of your Loyal Cloſets, perhaps, are without that, and other Libels upon the King) into the Earls Cloſet, ye would have ſet up an abhorrence of that, rather than not have kept up the Fermentation and Diviſion amongſt the people. When this is run out of breath, we ſuppoſe ye will ſet up the Ticket for the Forbidden Dinner, and ye will abhor Factious, Schiſmatical, Seditious, Fanatical, and Rebellious Dining, or ſome new Red-Herring out of his Lordſhips Kitchin will come forth.

The inſolence in the ſame page of your Libeller, in comparing the Jury (that gave in Ignoramus to the Bill againſt our Noble Peer) to a Jury taken out of Newgate, deſerves the Pillory, ſince 'tis evident to the whole City, they were all men of ſingular Honeſty and Integrity in all their dealings, of ſignal good Lives, of good Underſtandings, and of great Wealth; and, in the Memory of man, the City has not ſeen a Jury better qualified; nor was there one Diſſenter amongſt them, to prevent your weak Cavils; Cavils, I ſay; for it had been no Objection if they had been all ſo, ſince they value their Oaths and Conſciences as much as any ſort of men, and have no Diſpenſations to go againſt them.

And this Clamour againſt the Jury, is becauſe they would not believe an incredible matter from incredible Witneſſes, who either were then, or had been lately, moſt of them Papiſts;

who

who were so inconsistent in their Testimony with one another and themselves, that I am confident not one of the reverend Bene believed them: if they did, they must be very shallow, and must take this Lord to be little better than an Ideot. If ye look upon the Oath of a Grand Jury-man, ye will find that the meaning of those two words Billa Vera *is, they do believe the matter of the Bill in their Consciences to be true; which if they did not, they must have been perjur'd if they found the Bill. The Law provides, that in capital Cases, a man shall not be wrongfully accused, and therefore appoints two Juries, both which are bound to find according to their belief; and the injustice is as great, though the injury be less, for the former to accuse by Indictment, if they believe the party innocent, as for the latter to hang him with the same belief.*

If ye had had the disposal of the Juries, we doubt not but there are Conspirators would have found Witnesses to have sworn that most of the Nobility and Gentry who have been zealous and active against Popery, had entred into this feigned Association. Heaven keep us from Juries, such as will give 800 l. *dammages to a Powder-monkey, without any Dammage proved, (for words spoken by a Magistrate in rebuking the sawcy Fellow) as if it were* Scandalum Magnatum *to abuse a Tory, though a seller of Wash-balls: And from that which gave* 1000 l. *to a Knight for being called Papist, whom it would not, perhaps, have cost* 100 l. *if he had been convicted: Or* 500 l. *to a notorious Varlet, for being six hours detained by a Messenger, (after notice of the Dissolution of a Parliament) and perhaps no legal notice neither. Our Juries are zealous to preserve the Innocent, and yours to ruine and destroy them.*

Ye see what manner of Spirit it is that actuates ye; and by the Fruits we can guess whether it be good or evil: it seems to us to breath forth nothing but Ruine, Murther, and Massacre. And, for your understanding, 'tis sufficiently shewn, by your professing to believe a Protestant Plot (to Seize and Depose the King, and destroy the Government) without any other Circumstance proved, than that of a Joyner riding with Sword and

Pistols

Piſtols to Oxford, *who had uſed to ride ſo armed many years before; and yet ye have the face to deny a Popiſh Plot, (for the deſtruction of the Kings Perſon and Government) after* Coleman's *Letters, and the others publiſhed by the Recorder (by command from the Houſe of Commons); the Murther of Sir* Edmundbury Godfrey, *the Aſſaſſination of Mr.* Arnold: *After a general Report among the Jeſuites in all forein Popiſh Countries, of the Kings being dead (it ſeems they thought themſelves cock-ſure) at the time Dr.* Oates *ſwears he was to be murther'd here; and a multitude of other convincing Circumſtances, which were of that force, that there were at leaſt ten of the Kings Proclamations that affirmed it, a publick Faſt was enjoyned for it, and three ſucceſſive Parliaments,* nemine contradicente, *upon a full hearing of the Evidence, reading all the Letters, and weighing all the Circumſtances, declared it to be a horrid Conſpiracy againſt the Kings Life and Government What impudence or ſtupidity is this, let the world judge!*

Now, Tories, *fare ye well; apply your heads to thinking a little, and do not, like young Whelps, run away with a falſe Scent, and cry out* Forty One *and* Ignoramus; *and in time ye may be wiſer; and let your Poet know, that the firſt occaſion he gives, he ſhall hear from us farther.*

28 MR 59

THE

THE

MEDAL

OF

John Bayes:

OR,

A Satyr upon Folly and Knavery.

HOw long ſhall I endure, without reply,
To hear this * *Bayes*, this Hackney-rayler lie?
The fool uncudgell'd, for one Libel ſwells,
Where not his Wit, but Sawcineſs excels;
Whilſt with foul Words and Names which he lets flie,
He quite defiles the *Satyr's* Dignity.

* *His Name in the* Rehearſal.

For Libel and true *Satyr* different be;
This muſt have *Truth*, and *Salt*, with *Modeſty*.
Sparing the Perſons, this does tax the Crimes,
Gall's not great Men, but Vices of the Times,
With Witty and Sharp, not blunt and bitter rimes.
Methinks the Ghoſt of *Horace* there I ſee,
Laſhing this *Cherry-cheek'd Dunce* of Fifty three;
Who, at that age, ſo boldly durſt profane,
With baſe hir'd Libel, the free *Satyr*'s Vein.
Thou ſtil'ſt it Satyr, to call Names, Rogue, Whore,
Traytor, and Rebel, and a thouſand more.
An Oyſter-wench is ſure thy *Muſe* of late,
And all thy *Helicon*'s at *Billingſgate*.
A Libellers vile name then may'ſt thou gain,
And moderately the Writing part maintain,
None can ſo well the beating part ſuſtain.
Though with thy Sword, thou art the laſt of Men,
Thou art a damn'd *Boroski* with thy Pen.

As

As far from *Satyr* does thy Talent lye,
As from being cheerful, or good company.
For thou art * *Saturnine*, thou doſt confeſs;
A civil word thy Dulneſs to expreſs.
An old gelt Maſtiff has more mirth than thou,
When thou a kind of paltry Mirth would'ſt ſhow.
Good humour thou ſo awkwardly put'ſt on,
It ſits like Modiſh Clothes upon a Clown;
While that of Gentlemen is brisk and high,
When Wine and Wit about the room does flie.
Thou never mak'ſt, but art a ſtanding Jeſt;
Thy Mirth by fooliſh Bawdry is expreſt;
And ſo debauch'd, ſo fulſome, and ſo odd,
As------

Let's Bugger one another now by G--d.

(When ask'd how they ſhould ſpend the Afternoon)
This was the ſmart * reply of the Heroick Clown.

* *In his Drammatick Eſſay.*
* *At* Windſor, *in the company of ſeveral perſons of Quality, Sir* G. E. *being preſent.*

He boaſts of Vice (which he did ne'r commit)
Calls himſelf *Whoremaſter* and *Sodomite*;
Commends *Reeve*'s Arſe, and ſays ſhe Buggers well;
And ſilly Lyes of vitious pranks does tell.
This is a Sample of his Mirth and Wit,
Which he for the beſt Company thinks fit.
In a rich Soyl, the ſprightly Horſe y'have ſeen,
Run, leap, and wanton o're the flow'ry green,
Praunce, and curvet, with pleaſure to the ſight;
But it could never any eyes delight,
To ſee the friſking frolicks of a Cow;
And ſuch another merry thing art Thou.
In Verſe, thou haſt a knack, with words to chime,
And had'ſt a kind of Excellence in Rime:
With Rimes like leading-ſtrings, thou walk'dſt; but,
Lay'd by, at every ſtep thou brok'ſt thy Noſe. [thoſe
How low thy Farce! and thy blank Verſe how mean!
How poor, how naked did appear each Scene!

Even

Even thou didſt bluſh at thy inſipid ſtuff,
And laid thy dulneſs on poor harmleſs Snuff.
No Comick Scene, or humour haſt thou wrought;
Thou'ſt quibling Bawdy, and ill breeding taught;
But Rime's ſad downfal has thy ruine brought.
No Piece did ever from thy ſelf begin;
Thou can'ſt no web, from thine own bowels, ſpin.
Were from thy Works cull'd out what thou'ſt pur-[loin'd,
Even *D--fey* would excel what's left behind.
Should all thy borrow'd plumes we from thee tear,
How truly * *Poet Squab* would'ſt thou appear!
Thou call'ſt thy ſelf, and Fools call thee, in Rime,
The goodly *Prince of Poets*, of thy time;
And Sov'raign power thou doſt uſurp, *John Bayes*,
And from all *Poets* thou a Tax doſt raiſe.
Thou plunder'ſt all, t'advance thy mighty Name;
Look'ſt big, and triumph'ſt with thy borrow'd fame.

* *The Name given him by the Earl of* Rocheſter.

But

But art (while ſwelling thus thou think'ſt th'art Chief)
A ſervile Imitator and a Thief †.
All written Wit thou ſeizeſt on as prize;
But that will not thy ravenous mind ſuffice;
Though men from thee their inward thoughts conceal,
Yet thou the words out of their mouths wilt ſteal.
How little owe we to your Native ſtore,
Who all you write have heard or read before?
Except your Libels, and there's ſomething new;
For none were ere ſo impudent as you.
Some Scoundrel Poetaſters yet there be,
Fools that Burleſque the name of Loyalty,
Who by reviling Patriots, think to be
From louzineſs and hunger ever free:
But will (for all their hopes of ſwelling bags)
Return to Primitive naſtineſs and rags.
Theſe are blind Fools: thou hadſt ſome kind of ſight,
Thou ſinn'ſt againſt thy Conſcience and the Light.

† Oh imitatores ſervum pecus!

After

After the * drubs, thou didſt of late compound,
And ſold for th'weight in Gold each bruiſe & wound,
Clear was thy ſight, and none declaim'd then more
Gainſt *Popiſh Plots*, and *Arbitrary Power.*
The *Miniſters* thou bluntly wouldſt aſſail,
And it was dangerous to hear thee rail.
(Oh may not England *ſtupid be like thee!*
Heaven grant it may not feel before it ſee.)
Now he recants, and on that beating thrives:
Thus *Poet Laureats*, and *Ruſſian Wives*,
Do ſtrangely upon beating mend their Lives.
But how comes *Bayes* to flag and grovel ſo?
Sure your new *Lords* are in their payments ſlow.
Thou deſerv'ſt whipping thou'rt ſo dull, this time,
Thou'ſt turn'd the *Obſervator* into Rime.
But thou ſuppliеſt the want of Wit and Senſe,
With moſt malitious Lies, and Impudence.

* *In* Roſe-Alley.

At *Cambridge* firſt your ſcurrilous Vein began,
When ſawcily you traduc'd a † *Nobleman*,
Who for that Crime rebuk'd you on the head,
And you had been Expell'd had you not fled.
The next ſtep of Advancement you began,
Was being Clerk to *Nolls* Lord *Chamberlain*,
A Sequeſtrator and Committee-man.
There all your wholeſome Morals you ſuckt in,
And got your Gentile Gayety and Meen.
Your Loyalty you learn'd in *Cromwels* Court,
Where firſt your Muſe did make her great effort.
On him you firſt ſhew'd your Poetick ſtrain,
* *And prais'd his opening the Baſilick Vein.*
And were that poſſible to come agen,
Thou on that ſide wouldſt draw thy ſlaviſh Pen.
But he being dead, who ſhould the ſlave prefer,
He turn'd a Journey-man t'a † Bookſeller;

† *A Lords Son, and all Noblemens Sons, are called Noblemen there.*
* *See his Poem upon* Oliver.---*And wiſely he eſſay'd to ſtanch the Blood by breathing of a Vein.*
† *Mr.*Herringman, *who kept him in his Houſe for that purpoſe.*

Writ Prefaces to Books for Meat and Drink,
And as he paid, he would both write and think.
Then by th'assistance of a * Noble *Knight*,
Th'hadst plenty, ease, and liberty to write.
First like a *Gentleman* he made thee live;
And on his Bounty thou didst amply thrive.
But soon thy Native swelling Venom rose,
And thou didst him, who gave thee Bread, expose,
'Gainst him a scandalous Preface didst thou write,
Which thou didst soon expunge, rather than fight.
(When turn'd away by him in some small time)
You in the Peoples ears began to chime,
And please the Town with your successful Rime.
When the best Patroness of Wit and Stage,
The Joy, the Pride, the wonder of the Age,
Sweet *Annabel* the good, great, witty, fair;
(Of all this Northern Court, the brightest Star)

* *Sir* R. H. *who kept him generously at his own House.*

Did on thee, *Bayes*, her ſacred beams diſpence,
Who could do ill under ſuch influence?
She the whole *Court* brought over to thy ſide,
And favour flow'd upon thee like a Tide.
To her thou ſoon prov'dſt an * *ungrateful Knave*;
So good was ſhe, not only ſhe forgave,
But did oblige anew, the faithleſs Slave.
And all the Gratitude he can afford,
Is baſely to traduce her Princely Lord.
A *Heroe* worthy of a *God-like* Race,
Great in his Mind, and charming in his Face,
Who conquers Hearts, with unaffected Grace.
His mighty Vertues are too large for Verſe,
Gentle as billing Doves, as angry Lions fierce:

* *When he had thrice broken his Word, Oath, and Bargain with Sir* William Davenant, *he wrote a Letter to this great Lady to paſs her word for him to Sir* William, *who would not take his own; which ſhe did. In his Letter he wiſht God might never proſper him, his Wife or Children, if he did not keep his Oath and Bargain; which yet in two Months he broke, as ſeveral of the Dukes Play-houſe can teſtifie.*

His

His Strength and Beauty ſo united are,
Nature deſign'd him *Chief*, in Love and War.
All Lovers Victories he did excel,
Succeeding with the beautious *Annabel.*
Early in Arms his glorious courſe began,
Which never *Heroe* yet ſo ſwiftly ran.
Wherever danger ſhew'd its dreadful face,
By never-dying acts, h'adorn'd his *Royal Race.*
Sure the three *Edwards* Souls beheld with Joy, [Boy.
How much thou outdidſt Man, when little more than
And all the *Princely Heroes* of thy Line,
Rejoyc'd to ſee ſo much of their great Blood in thine.
So good and ſo diffuſive is his Mind,
So loving to, and lov'd by Humane kind,
He was for vaſt and general good deſign'd.
In's height of Greatneſs he all eyes did glad,
And never Man departed from him ſad.

Sweet and obliging, eaſie of acceſs,
Wiſe in his Judging, courteous in addreſs.
Ore all the Paſſions he bears ſo much ſway,
No *Stoick* taught 'em better to obey.
And, in his Suffering part, he ſhines more bright,
Than he appear'd in all that gaudy light.
Now, now, methinks he makes the braveſt ſhow,
And ne're was greater *Heroe* than he's now.
For publick good, who wealth and power forſakes,
Over himſelf a glorious Conqueſt makes.
Religion, *Prince*, and *Laws* to him are dear;
And in defence of all, he dares appear.
'Tis he muſt ſtand like *Scæva* in the breach,
'Gainſt what ill Miniſters do, and furious Parſons preach.
Were't not for him, how ſoon ſome *Popiſh* Knife
Might rob us of his *Royal* Fathers Life!
We to their fear of thee that bleſſing owe:
In ſuch a Son, happy Great King art thou,
Who can defend, or can revenge thee ſo.

Next, for thy Medal, *Bayes*, which does revile
The wiſeſt *Patriot* of our drooping Iſle,
Who *Loyally* did ſerve his Exil'd *Prince*,
And with the ableſt Councel bleſt him ſince;
None more than he did ſtop *Tyrannick* Power,
Or, in that *Criſis*, did contribute more,
To his Juſt Rights our Monarch to reſtore;
And ſtill by wiſe advice, and Loyal Arts,
Would have ſecur'd him in his Subjects Hearts.
You own the Miſchiefs, ſprung from that Intrigue,
Which fatally diſſolv'd the *Tripple-League.*
Each of your *Idol mock-Trimmo'rate knows*,
Our *Patriot* ſtrongly did that Breach oppoſe.
Nor did this Lord a *Dover*-Journey go,
* *From thence our tears, the* Hium *of our woe.*
Had he that Intereſt follow'd, how could he
By thoſe that ſerv'd it then diſcarded be?

* Bayes *his own expreſſion*, Medal, pag. 5.

The

The *French* and *Papiſts* well his Merits know;
Were he a friend, they'd not purſu'd him ſo:
From both he would our beſet King preſerve,
For which he does Eternal wreaths deſerve.
His Life they firſt, and now his Fame would take,
For Crimes they forge, and ſecret Plots they make.
They by hir'd Witneſſes the firſt purſue,
The latter by vile Scriblers hir'd like you.
Thy Infamy will bluſh at no diſgrace,
(With ſuch a harden'd Conſcience, and a Face)
Thou only want'ſt an *Evidences* place.
When th'*Iſle* was drown'd in a Lethargick ſleep,
Our vigilant *Heroe* ſtill a watch did keep.
When all our ſtrength ſhould have been made a Prey
To the Leud *Babyloniſh Dalilah*,
Methinks I ſee our watchful *Heroe* ſtand,
Jogging the Nodding Genius of our Land;

Which

Which ſometime ſtrugling with ſleeps heavy yoak,
Awak'd, ſtar'd, & look'd grim, and dreafully he ſpoke.
The voice fill'd all the Land, and then did fright
The *Scarlet Whore* from all her works of night.
But-----
With unſeen ſtrengths at home, and Forreign Aid,
Too ſoon She ralli'd, and began t'invade,
And many Nets ſhe ſpread, and many Toils ſhe laid.
To lull us yet aſleep, what pains ſhe takes!
Bnt all in vain, for ſtill our Genius wakes.
And now remembers well the * dangerous Teſt,
Which might have all our Liberty oppreſt,
Had not the cover'd ſnare our *Heroe* found,
And for ſome time bravely maintain'd the ground,
Till others ſaw the bondage was deſign'd,
And late with them their ſtragling Forces joyn'd.
A † Bill then drawn by B-----did we ſee,
A zealous Bill againſt ------- for Popery.

* April 75.
† Anno 76.

Then

Then Murther'd *Godfrey*, a *lov'd Princes blood*,
Ready with precious drops to make a purple-flood.
When *Popiſh Tyranny* ſhall give command,
And ſpread again its darkneſs o're the Land.
Then Bloody Plots we find laid at their door,
Than whom none e're have done or ſuffered more,
Or, would to ſave the Prince they did reſtore.
Amidſt theſe helliſh Snares, 'tis time to wake;
May never more a ſleep our Genius take.
Theſe things did ſoon our glorious City warm,
And for their own, and Princes ſafety arm.
The Joy of ours, Terrour of other Lands,
With moderate Head, with unpolluted Hands,
To which the Prince and People ſafety owe,
From which the uncorrupted ſtreams of Juſtice flow.
Through thickeſt clouds of Perjury you ſee,
And ne're by *Hackney-Oaths* deceiv'd will be
Reſolv'd to value Credibility.

Thou

Thou vindicat'ſt the Juſtice of thy Prince,
Which ſhines moſt bright by clearing Innocence.
While ſome would Subjects of their Lives bereave,
By Witneſſes themſelves could ne're believe,
Though wrongly accus'd, yet at their Blood they aim,
And, as they were their *Quarrey*, think it ſhame
Not to run down, and ſeize the trembling Game.
Thy *Juſtice* will hereafter be renown'd,
Thy laſting name for *Loyalty* be crown'd.
When 'twill be told who did our Prince reſtore,
Whom thou with zeal, didſt ever ſince adore.
How oft haſt thou his Princely wants ſupply'd?
And never was thy needful aid deny'd.
How long his Kindneſs with thy Duty ſtrove!
Great thy Obedience, and as great his Love;
And curſt be they who would his Heart remove.
Thou (ſtill the ſame) with equal zeal wilt ſerve;
Maintain his Laws, his Perſon wilt preſerve.

But ſome foul Monſters thy rich womb does bear,
That, like baſe Vipers, would thy bowels tear;
Who would thy *ancient Charters* give away,
And all thy *ſtronger Liberties* betray:
Thoſe *Elder Cuſtoms* our great Anceſtors
Have from the *Saxon* times convey'd to ours.
Of which no Pers'nal Crimes a loſs can cauſe,
By *Magna Charta* backt, and by ſucceeding Laws.
This is the *Factious Brood* we ſhould purſue:
For as in *Schiſm*, ſo in *Sedition* too,
The Many are deſerted by the Few.
Theſe Factious Few, for bitter ſcourges fit,
(To ſhew *Addreſſing* and *Abhorring* Wit)
Set up a *Jack of Lent*, and throw at it.
But thoſe, alas, falſe ſilly meaſures take,
Who of the Few an * Aſſociation make.
Thou need'ſt not doubt to triumph o're theſe Fools,
Theſe blindly led, theſe Jeſuited Tools;

* *Their Addreſſing is plainly making an Aſſociation.*

Whilſt

Whilſt bravely thou continu'ſt to oppoſe,
All *would-be Papiſts*, as all *Romiſh Foes.*
In ſpight of lawleſs men, and * Popiſh flames,
(Inrich'd by thy much lov'd and bounteous *Thames*)
May into thee the Wealth of Nations flow,
And to thy height all *Europes* Cities bow.
Thou great ſupport of Princely Dignity!
And Bulwark to the Peoples Liberty!
If a good *Mayor* with ſuch good *Shrieves* appear,
Nor Prince, nor People, need a danger fear:
And ſuch we hope for each ſucceeding year.
Thus thou a Glorious City may'ſt remain,
And all thy Ancient Liberties retain,
While *Albion* is ſurrounded with the Main.
Go, *Abject Bayes!* and act thy ſlaviſh part;
Fawn on thoſe *Popiſh Knaves*, whoſe Knave thou art:
'Tis not ill writing, or worſe Policy,
That can enſlave a Nation, ſo long free.

* *See the Chancellors Excellent Speech before the Sentence on the Lord* Stafford.

Our King's too good to take that rugged courſe;
He'll win by kindneſs, not ſubdue by force.
If King of Slaves and Beaſts, not Men he'd be,
A Lyon were a greater Prince than he.
Approach him then, let no malitious Chit,
No inſolent Prater, nor a flaſhy Wit,
Impeachments make not men for States-men fit.
But-----
Truth, Judgment, Firmneſs, and Integrity,
With long experience, quick ſagacity,
Swift to prevent, as ready to foreſee;
Knowing the depths from which all action ſprings,
And by a Chain of cauſes judging things:
That does all weights into the ballance caſt,
And wiſely can fore-tell the future, by the paſt.
Where ere ſuch vertuous qualities appear,
They're *Patriots* worthy of a Princes ear,
To Him and Subjects they'l alike be dear.

The

The Kings and Peoples Intereſt they'll make one.
What perſonal greatneſs can our Monarch own,
When hearts of Subjects muſt ſupport the Throne!
And Miniſters ſhould ſtrive thoſe hearts t'unite,
Unleſs they had a mind to make us fight.
Who by Addreſſes thus the Realm divide,
(All bonds of Kindred, and of Friends untide)
Have in effect, in Battle rang'd each ſide.
But Heaven avert thoſe Plagues which we deſerve:
Inteſtine Jarres, but Popiſh ends can ſerve.
How falſe, and dangerous Methods do they take,
Who would a King but of Addreſſers make!
They from Protection would throw all the reſt,
And poorly narrow the Kings Intereſt.
To make their little Party too, ſeem great,
They with falſe Muſters, like the *Spaniards*, cheat.
He's *King* of all, and would have all their Hearts,
Were't not for theſe dividing *Popiſh* arts.

Stateſmen

Stateſmen who his true Intereſt would improve,
Compute his Greatneſs, by his Peoples Love:
That may aſſiſt our Friends, and Foes o'recome;
So much he will be fear'd Abroad, as lov'd at Home.
He at the Peoples Head, may great appear,
As th' *Edward's*, *Henry's*, and *Eliza* were.
And curſt be they who would that Power divide,
Who would diſſolve that Sacred knot by which they're [ty'd.
Thoſe Miſcreants who hate a *Parliament*,
Would ſoon deſtroy our Antient Government.
Thoſe *Slaves* would make us fit to be o'recome,
And gladly ſell the Land to *France*, or *Rome*.
But Heaven preſerve our Legal Monarchy,
And all thoſe Laws that keep the People free.
Of all Mankind, for ever curſt be they,
Who would or Kings, or Peoples Rights betray,
Or ought would change, but by a Legiſlative way.

Be

Be damn'd the moſt abhorr'd, and Traiterous Race,
Who would the beſt of Governments deface.

Now farewel wretched Mercenary *Bayes*,
Who the *King* Libell'd, and did *Cromwel* praiſe.
Farewel, abandon'd Raſcal! only fit
To be abus'd by thy own ſcurrilous Wit.
Which thou wouldſt do, and for a Moderate Sum,
Anſwer thy Medal, and thy *Abſolom*.
Thy piteous Hackney-Pen ſhall never fright us,
Thou'rt dwindl'd down to *Hodge*, and *Heraclitus*.
Go, *Ignoramus* cry, and *Forty One*,
And by * *Sams Parſons* be thou prais'd alone.
Pied thing! half Wit! half Fool! and for a Knave,
Few Men, than this, a better mixture have:
But thou canſt add to that, Coward and Slave.

* *A Coffee-houſe where the Inferiour Crape-gown-men meet with their Guide* Roger, *to invent Lies for the farther carrying on the Popiſh-Plot.*

FINIS.